AMORETTI
AND
Epithalamion.

Written not long since
by Edmunde
Spenser.

Printed for William
Ponsonby. 1595.

To the Right Worſhip-
full Sir Robart Need-
ham Knight.

Ir, to gratulate your ſafe return frō Ireland, I had nothing ſo readie, nor thought any thing ſo meete, as theſe ſweete conceited Sonets, the deede of that weldeſeruing gentleman, maiſter Edmond Spenſer: whoſe name ſufficiently

warranting the worthines-
of the work: I do more con-
fidently presume to publish
it in his absence, vnder your
name to whom (in my poore
opinion) the patronage ther
of, doth in some respectes
properly appertaine. For,
besides your iudgement and
delighte in learned poesie:
This gentle Muse for her
former perfection long wish
ed for in Englande, nowe at
the length crossing the Seas
in your happy companye,
(though to your selfe vn-
knowne) seemeth to make
choyse of you, as meetest to
giue

giue her deſerued counte-
naunce, after her retourne:
entertaine her, then, (Right
worſhipfull) in ſorte beſt be-
ſeeming your gentle minde,
and her merite, and take in
worth my good will herein,
who ſeeke no more, but
to ſhew my ſelfe yours
in all dutifull af-
fection.

W.P

G: W. ſenior, to the Author

DArke is the day, when *Phœbus* face is ſhrowded,
and weaker ſights may wander ſoone aſtray:
but when they ſee his glorious raies vnclowded,
with ſteddy ſteps they keepe the perfect way,
So while this Muſe in forraine landes doth ſtay,
inuention weepes, and pens are caſt aſide,
the time like night, depriud of chearefull day,
and few do write, but (ah) too ſoone may ſlide.
Then, hie thee home, that art our perfect guide,
and with thy wit illuſtrate Englands fame,
dawnting thereby our neighoures auncient pr.
that do for poeſie, challendge cheefeſt name.
So we that liue and ages that ſucceede,
With great applauſe thy learned works ſhall ree

Ah Colin, whether on the lowly plaine.
pyping to ſhepherds thy ſweete roudelaies:
or whether ſinging in ſome lofty vaine,
heroick deedes of paſt, or preſent daies.
Or whether in thy louely miſtris praiſe,
thou liſt to exerciſe thy learned quill.
thy muſe hath got ſuch grace, and power to pleaſe,
with rare inuention bewtified by skill.
As who therein can euer ioy their fill.
O therefore let that happy muſe proceede
to clime the height of vertues ſacred hill,
where endles honor ſhall be made thy meede.
Becauſe no malice of ſucceeding daies,
can raſe thoſe records of thy laſting praiſe.

G. W. I.

SONNET. I.

HAppy ye leaues when as thoſe lilly hands,
which hold my life in their dead doing might
ſhall handle you and hold in loues ſoft bands,
lyke captiues trembling at the victors ſight.
And happy lines, on which with ſtarry light,
thoſe lamping eyes will deigne ſometimes to look
and reade the ſorrowes of my dying ſpright,
written with teares in harts cloſe bleeding book.
And happy rymes bath'd in the ſacred brooke,
of *Helicon* whence ſhe deriued is,
when ye behold that Angels bleſſed looke,
my ſoules long lacked foode, my heauens blis.
Leaues, lines, and rymes, ſeeke her to pleaſe alone,
whom if ye pleaſe, I care for other none.

SONNET. II.

VNquiet thought, whom at the firſt I bred,
Of th'inward bale of my loue pined hart:
and ſithens haue with ſighes and ſorrowes fed,
till greater then my wombe thou woxen art.
Breake forth at length out of the inner part,
in which thou lurkeſt lyke to vipers brood:
and ſeeke ſome ſuccour both to eaſe my ſmart
and alſo to ſuſtayne thy ſelfe with food.
But if in preſence of that fayreſt proud
thou chance to come, fall lowly at her feet:
and with meeke humbleſſe and afflicted mood,
pardon for thee, and grace for me intreat.
Which if ſhe graunt, then liue and my loue cheriſh,
if not, die ſoone, and I with thee will periſh.

SONNET. III.

THe ſouerayne beauty which I doo admyre,
witneſſe the world how worthy to be prayzed:
the light wherof hath kindled heauenly iyre,
in my fraile ſpirit by her from baſeneſſe rayſed.
That being now with her huge brightneſſe dazed,
baſe thing I can no more endure to view:
but looking ſtill on her I ſtand amazed,
at wondrous ſight of ſo celeſtiall hew.
So when my toung would ſpeak her praiſes dew,
it ſtopped is with thoughts aſtoniſhment:
and when my pen would write her titles true,
it rauiſht is with fancies wonderment:
Yet in my hart I then both ſpeake and write,
the wonder that my wit cannot endite.

SONNET. IIII.

NEw yeare forth looking out of Ianus gate,
Doth seeme to promise hope of new delight:
and bidding th'old Adieu, his passed date
bids all old thoughts to die in dumpish spright.
And calling forth out of sad Winters night,
fresh loue, that long hath slept in cheerlesse bower:
wils him awake, and soone about him dight
his wanton wings and darts of deadly power.
For lusty spring now in his timely howre,
is ready to come forth him to receiue:
and warnes the Earth with diuers colord flowre,
to decke hir selfe, and her faire mantle weaue.
Then you faire flowre, in whō fresh youth doth raine,
prepare your selfe new loue to entertaine.

Rude-

SONNET. V.

RVdely thou wrongeſt my deare harts deſire,
In finding fault with her too portly pride:
the thing which I doo moſt in her admire,
is of the world vnworthy moſt enuide.
For in thoſe lofty lookes is cloſe implide,
ſcorn of baſe things, & ſdeigne of foule diſhonor:
thretning raſh eies which gaze on her ſo wide,
that looſely they ne dare to looke vpon her.
Such pride is praiſe, ſuch portlineſſe is honor,
that boldned innocence beares in hir eies:
and her faire countenance like a goodly banner,
ſpreds in defiaunce of all enemies.
Was neuer in this world ought worthy tride,
without ſome ſpark of ſuch ſelf-pleaſing pride.

SONNET. VI.

BE nought dismayd that her vnmoued mind,
doth still persist in her rebellious pride:
such loue not lyke to lusts of baser kynd,
the harder wonne, the firmer will abide.
The duresull Oake, whose sap is not yet dride,
is long ere it conceiue the kindling fyre:
but when it once doth burne, it doth diuide
great heat, and makes his flames to heauen aspire.
So hard it is to kindle new desire,
in gentle brest that shall endure for euer:
deepe is the wound, that dints the parts entire
with chast affects, that naught but death can seuer.
Then thinke not long in taking litle paine,
to knit the knot, that euer shall remaine.

Faire

SONNET. VII.

Fayre eyes, the myrrour of my mazed hart,
what wondrous vertue is contaynd in you
the which both lyfe and death forth frō you dart
into the obiect of your mighty view?
For when ye mildly looke with louely hew,
then is my ſoule with life and loue inſpired:
but when ye lowre, or looke on me askew
then doe I die, as one with lightning fyred.
But ſince that lyfe is more then death deſyred,
looke euer louely, as becomes you beſt,
that your bright beams of my weak eies admyred,
may kindle liuing fire within my breſt.
Such life ſhould be the honor of your light,
ſuch death the ſad enſample of your might.

SONNET. VIII.

MOre then moſt faire, full of the liuing fire,
Kindled aboue vnto the maker neere:
no eies but ioyes, in which al powers conſpire,
that to the world naught elſe be counted deare.
Thrugh your bright beams doth not ỹ blinded gueſt,
ſhoot out his darts to baſe affections wound:
but Angels come to lead fraile mindes to reſt
in chaſt deſires on heauenly beauty bound.
You frame my thoughts and faſhion me within,
you ſtop my toung, and teach my hart to ſpeake,
you calme the ſtorme that paſsion did begin,
ſtrõg thrugh your cauſe, but by your vertue weak.
Dark is the world, where your light ſhined neuer;
well is he borne, that may behold you euer.

Long-

SONNET. IX.

LOng-while I ſought to what I might compare
thoſe powrefull eies, which lighte my dark ſpright,
yet find I nought on earth to which I dare
reſemble th'ymage of their goodly light.
Not to the Sun: for they doo ſhine by night;
nor to the Moone: for they are changed neuer;
nor to the Starres: for they haue purer ſight;
nor to the fire: for they conſume not euer;
Nor to the lightning: for they ſtill perſeuer;
nor to the Diamond: for they are more tender;
nor vnto Chriſtall: for nought may them ſeuer;
nor vnto glaſſe: ſuch baſeneſſe mought offend her;
Then to the Maker ſelfe they likeſt be,
whoſe light doth lighten all that here we ſee.

Vnrigh-

SONNET. X.

VNrighteous Lord of loue what law is this,
That me thou makeſt thus tormented be:
the whiles ſhe lordeth in licentious bliſſe
of her freewill, ſcorning both thee and me.
See how the Tyranneſſe doth ioy to ſee
the huge maſſacres which her eyes do make:
and humbled harts brings captiues vnto thee,
that thou of them mayſt mightie vengeance take.
But her proud hart doe thou a little ſhake
and that high look, with which ſhe doth comptroll
all this worlds pride bow to a baſer make,
and al her faults in thy black booke enroll.
That I may laugh at her in equall ſort,
as ſhe doth laugh at me & makes my pain her ſport.

Dayly

SONNET. XI.

DAyly when I do ſeeke and ſew for peace,
And hoſtages doe offer for my truth:
ſhe cruell warriour doth her ſelfe addreſſe,
to battell, and the weary war renew'th.
Ne wilbe moou'd with reaſon or with rewth,
to graunt ſmall reſpit to my reſtleſſe toile:
but greedily her fell intent pourſewth,
Of my poore life to make vnpitteid ſpoile.
Yet my poore life, all ſorrowes to aſſoyle,
I would her yield, her wrath to pacify:
but then ſhe ſeekes with torment and turmoyle,
to force me liue and will not let me dy.
All paine hath end and euery war hath peace,
but mine no price nor prayer may ſurceaſe.

One

SONNET. XII.

ONe day I ſought with her hart-thrilling eies,
to make a truce and termes to entertaine:
all feareleſſe then of ſo falſe enimies,
which ſought me to entrap in treaſons traine.
So as I then diſarmed did remaine,
a wicked ambuſh which lay hidden long
in the cloſe couert of her guilefull eyen,
thence breaking forth did thick about me throng.
Too feeble I t'abide the brunt ſo ſtrong,
was forſt to yeeld my ſelfe into their hands:
who me captiuing ſtreight with rigorous wrong,
haue euer ſince me kept in cruell bands.
So Ladie now to you I doo complaine,
againſt your eies that iuſtice I may gaine.

In

SONNET. XIII.

IN that proud port, which her ſo goodly graceth,
whiles her faire face ſhe reares vp to the skie:
and to the ground her eie lids low embaſeth,
moſt goodly temperature ye may deſcry,
Myld humbleſſe mixt with awfull maieſty,
for looking on the earth whence ſhe was borne:
her minde remembreth her mortalitie,
what ſo is fayreſt ſhall to earth returne.
But that ſame lofty countenance ſeemes to ſcorne
baſe thing, & thinke how ſhe to heauen may clime:
treading downe earth as lothſome and forlorne,
that hinders heauenly thoughts with droſsy ſlime.
Yet lowly ſtill vouchſafe to looke on me,
ſuch lowlineſſe ſhall make you lofty be.

Returne

SONNET. XIIII.

REtourne agayne my forces late dismayd,
Vnto the siege by you abandon'd quite,
great shame it is to leaue like one afrayd,
so fayre a peece for one repulse so light.
Gaynst such strong castles needeth greater might,
then those small forts which ye were wont belay,
such haughty mynds enur'd to hardy fight,
disdayne to yield vnto the first assay.
Bring therefore all the forces that ye may,
and lay inceſſant battery to her heart,
playnts, prayers, vowes, ruth, sorrow, and dismay,
those engins can the proudest loue conuert.
And if those fayle fall downe and dy before her,
so dying liue, and liuing do adore her.

SONNET. XV.

YE tradefull Merchants that with weary toyle,
do seeke most pretious things to make your gain:
and both the Indias of their treasures spoile,
what needeth you to seeke so farre in vaine?
For loe my loue doth in her selfe containe
all this worlds riches that may farre be found,
if Saphyres, loe her eies be Saphyres plaine,
if Rubies, loe hir lips be Rubies sound:
If Pearles, hir teeth be pearles both pure and round;
if Yuorie, her forhead yuory weene;
if Gold, her locks are finest gold on ground;
if siluer, her faire hands are siluer sheene,
But that which faireſt is, but few behold,
her mind adornd with vertues manifold.

SONNET. XVI.

ONe day as I vnwarily did gaze
on those fayre eyes my loues immortall light:
the whiles my stonisht hart stood in amaze,
through sweet illusion of her lookes delight.
I mote perceiue how in her glaunc ing sight,
legions of loues with little wings did fly:
darting their deadly arrowes fyry-bright,
at euery rash beholder passing by.
One of those archers closely I did spy,
ayming his arrow at my very hart:
when suddenly with twincle of her eye,
the Damzell broke his misintended dart.
Had she not so doon, sure I had bene slayne,
yet as it was, I hardly scap't with paine.

The

SONNET. XVII.

THe glorious pourtraict of that Angels face,
Made to amaze weake mens confuſed skil:
and this worlds worthleſſe glory to embaſe,
what pen, what pencill can expreſſe her fill?
For though he colours could deuize at will,
and eke his learned hand at pleaſure guide:
leaſt trembling it his wormanſhip ſhould spill,
yet many wondrous things there are beſide.
The ſweet eye-glaunces, that like arrowes glide,
the charming ſmiles, that rob ſence from the hart:
the louely pleaſance and the lofty pride,
cannot expreſſed be by any art.
A greater crafteſmans hand thereto doth neede,
that can expreſſe the life of things indeed.

SONNET. XVIII.

THe rolling wheele that runneth often round,
The hardeſt ſteele in tract of time doth teare:
and drizling drops that often doe redound,
the firmeſt flint doth in continuance weare.
Yet cannot I with many a dropping teare,
and long intreaty ſoften her hard hart:
that ſhe will once vouchſafe my plaint to heare,
or looke with pitty on my payneful ſmart.
But when I pleade, ſhe bids me play my part,
and when I weep, ſhe ſayes teares are but water:
and when I ſigh, ſhe ſayes I know the art,
and when I waile ſhe turnes hir ſelfe to laughter.
So doe I weepe, and wayle, and pleade in vaine,
whiles ſhe as ſteele and flint doth ſtill remayne.

The

SONNET. XIX.

THe merry Cuckow, messenger of Spring,
His trompet shrill hath thrise already sounded:
that warnes al louers wayt vpon their king,
who now is comming forth with girland crouned.
With noyse whereof the quyre of Byrds resounded
their anthemes sweet devized of loues prayse,
that all the woods theyr ecchoes back rebounded,
as if they knew the meaning of their layes.
But mongst them all, which did Loues honor rayse
no word was heard of her that most it ought,
but she his precept proudly disobayes,
and doth his ydle message set at nought.
Therefore O loue, vnlesse she turne to thee
ere Cuckow end, let her a rebell be.

SONNET. XX.

IN vaine I ſeeke and ſew to her for grace,
and doe myne humbled hart before her poure:
the whiles her foot ſhe in my necke doth place,
and tread my life downe in the lowly floure.
And yet the Lyon that is Lord of power,
and reigneth ouer euery beaſt in field:
in his moſt pride diſdeigneth to deuoure
the ſilly lambe that to his might doth yield.
But ſhe more cruell and more ſaluage wylde,
then either Lyon or the Lyoneſſe:
ſhames not to be with guiltleſſe bloud defylde,
but taketh glory in her cruelneſſe.
Fayrer then fayreſt let none euer ſay,
that ye were blooded in a yeelded pray.

Was

SONNET. XXI.

WAs it the worke of nature or of Art?
which tempred ſo the feature of her face:
that pride and meekneſſe mixt by equall part,
doe both appeare t'adorne her beauties grace.
For with mild pleaſance, which doth pride diſplace,
ſhe to her loues doth lookers eyes allure:
& with ſterne countenance back again doth chace
their looſer lookes that ſtir vp luſtes impure,
With ſuch ſtrange termes her eyes ſhe doth inure,
that with one looke ſhe doth my life diſmay:
and with another doth it ſtreight recure,
her ſmile me drawes, her frowne me driues away.
Thus doth ſhe traine and teach me with her lookes,
ſuch art of eyes I neuer read in bookes.

This

SONNET. XXII.

THis holy ſeaſon fit to faſt and pray,
Men to deuotion ought to be inclynd:
therefore, I lykewiſe on ſo holy day,
for my ſweet Saynt ſome ſeruice fit will find.
Her temple fayre is built within my mind,
in which her glorious ymage placed is,
on which my thoughts doo day and night attend
lyke ſacred prieſts that neuer thinke amiſſe.
There I to her as th'author of my bliſſe,
will builde an altar to appeaſe her yre:
and on the ſame my hart will ſacrifiſe,
burning in flames of pure and chaſt deſyre:
The which vouchſafe O goddeſſe to accept,
amongſt thy deereſt relicks to be kept.

Pene-

SONNET. XXIII.

PEnelope for her *Vliſſes* ſake,
Deuiz'd a Web her wooers to deceaue:
in which the worke that ſhe all day did make
the ſame at night ſhe did againe vnreaue,
Such ſubtile craft my Damzell doth conceaue,
th'importune ſuit of my deſire to ſhonne:
for all that I in many dayes doo weaue,
in one ſhort houre I find by her vndonne.
So when I thinke to end that I begonne,
I muſt begin and neuer bring to end:
for with one looke ſhe ſpils that long I ſponne,
& with one word my whole years work doth rend.
Such labour like the Spyders web I fynd,
whoſe fruitleſſe worke is broken with leaſt wynd.

When

SONNET. XXIIII.

WHen I behold that beauties wonderment,
And rare perfection of each goodly part:
of natures skill the onely complement,
I honor and admire the makers art.
But when I feele the bitter balefull smart,
which her fayre eyes vnwares doe worke in mee:
that death out of theyr shiny beames doe dart,
I thinke that I a new *Pandora* see.
Whom all the Gods in councell did agree,
into this sinfull world from heauen to send:
that she to wicked men a scourge should bee,
for all their faults with which they did offend.
But since ye are my scourge I will intreat,
that for my faults ye will me gently beat.

How

SONNET. XXV.

HOw long ſhall this lyke dying lyfe endure,
And know no end of her owne myſery:
but waſt and weare away in termes vnſure,
twixt feare and hope depending doubtfully.
Yet better were attonce to let me die,
and ſhew the laſt enſample of your pride:
then to torment me thus with cruelty,
to proue your powre, which I too wel haue tride.
But yet if in your hardned breſt ye hide,
a cloſe intent at laſt to ſhew me grace:
then all the woes and wrecks which I abide,
as meanes of bliſſe I gladly wil embrace.
And wiſh that more and greater they might be,
that greater meede at laſt may turne to mee.

Sweet

SONNET. XXVI.

SWeet is the Roſe, but growes vpon a brere;
Sweet is the Iunipere, but ſharpe his bough;
ſweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh nere;
ſweet is the firbloome, but his braunches rough.
Sweet is the Cypreſſe, but his rynd is tough,
ſweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
ſweet is the broome-flowre, but yet ſowre enough;
and ſweet is Moly, but his root is ill.
So euery ſweet with ſoure is tempred ſtill,
that maketh it be coueted the more:
for eaſie things that may be got at will,
moſt ſorts of men doe ſet but little ſtore.
Why then ſhould I accoumpt of little paine,
that endleſſe pleaſure ſhall vnto me gaine.

Faire

SONNET. XXVII.

FAire proud now tell me why ſhould faire be proud,
Sith all worlds glorie is but droſſe vncleane:
and in the ſhade of death it ſelfe ſhall ſhroud,
how euer now thereof ye little weene.
That goodly Idoll now ſo gay beſeene,
ſhall doffe her fleſhes borowd fayre attyre:
and be forgot as it had neuer beene,
that many now much worſhip and admire.
Ne any then ſhall after it inquire,
ne any mention ſhall thereof remaine:
but what this verſe, that neuer ſhall expyre,
ſhall tō you purchas with her thankles paine.
Faire be no lenger proud of that ſhall periſh,
but that which ſhal you make immortall, cheriſh.

The

SONNET. XXVIII.

THe laurell leafe, which you this day doe weare,
guies me great hope of your relenting mynd:
for ſince it is the badg which I doe beare,
ye bearing it doe ſeeme to me inclind:
The powre thereof, which oſte in me I find,
let it lykewiſe your gentle breſt inſpire
with ſweet infuſion, and put you in mind
of that proud mayd, whom now thoſe leaues attyre
Proud *Daphne* ſcorning Phœbus louely fyre,
on the Theſſalian ſhore from him did flie:
for which the gods in theyr reuengefull yre
did her tranſforme into a laurell tree.
Then fly no more fayre loue from Phebus chace,
but in your breſt his leafe and loue embrace.

See

SONNET. XXIX.

See how the ſtubborne damzell doth depraue
my ſimple meaning with diſdaynfull ſcorne:
and by the bay which I vnto her gaue,
accoumpts my ſelfe her captiue quite forlorne.
The bay (quoth ſhe) is of the victours borne,
yielded them by the vanquiſht as theyr meeds,
and they therewith doe poetes heads adorne,
to ſing the glory of their famous deedes.
But ſith ſhe will the conqueſt challeng needs,
let her accept me as her faithfull thrall,
that her great triumph which my skill exceeds,
I may in trump of fame blaze ouer all.
Then would I decke her head with glorious bayes,
and fill the world with her victorious prayſe.

My

SONNET. XXX.

MY loue is lyke to yſe, and I to fyre;
how comes it then that this her cold ſo great
is not diſſolu'd through my ſo hot deſyre,
but harder growes the more I her intreat?
Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
is not delayd by her hart froſen cold:
but that I burne much more in boyling ſweat,
and feele my flames augmented manifold?
What more miraculous thing may be told
that fire which all thing melts, ſhould harden yſe:
and yſe which is congeald with ſenceleſſe cold,
ſhould kindle fyre by wonderfull deuyſe.
Such is the powre of loue in gentle mind,
that it can alter all the courſe of kynd.

SONNET. XXXI.

Ah why hath nature to ſo hard a hart,
giuen ſo goodly giftes of beauties grace?
whoſe pryde depraues each other better part,
and all thoſe pretious ornaments deface.
Sith to all other beaſtes of bloody race,
a dreadfull countenaunce ſhe giuen hath:
that with theyr terrour al the reſt may chace,
and warne to ſhun the daunger of theyr wrath.
But my proud one doth worke the greater ſcath,
through ſweet allurement of her louely hew:
that ſhe the better may in bloody bath,
of ſuch poore thralls her cruell hands embrew.
But did ſhe know how ill theſe two accord,
ſuch cruelty ſhe would haue ſoone abhord.

SONNET. XXXII.

The paynefull ſmith with force of feruent heat,
the hardeſt yron ſoone doth mollify:
that with his heauy ſledge he can it beat,
and faſhion to what he it liſt apply.
Yét cannot all theſe flames in which I fry,
her hart more harde then yron ſoft awhit:
ne all the playnts and prayers with which I
doe beat on th'anduyle of her ſtubberne wit:
But ſtill the more ſhe feruent ſees my fit:
the more ſhe frieſeth in her wilfull pryde:
and harder growes the harder ſhe is ſmit,
with all the playnts which to her be applyde.
What then remaines but I to aſhes burne,
and ſhe to ſtones at length all froſen turne?

Grea.

SONNET. XXXIII.

GReat wrong I doe, I can it not deny,
to that moſt ſacred Empreſſe my dear dred,
not finiſhing her Queene of faery,
that mote enlarge her liuing prayſes dead:
But lodwick, this of grace to me aread:
doe ye not thinck th'accompliſhment of it,
ſufficient worke for one mans ſimple head,
all were it as the reſt but rudely writ.
How then ſhould I without another wit:
thinck euer to endure ſo tædious toyle,
ſins that this one is toſt with troublous fit,
of a prou d loue, that doth my ſpirite ſpoyle.
Ceaſſe then, till ſhe vouchſafe to grawnt me reſt,
or lend you me another liuing breſt.

SONNET. XXXIIII.

Lyke as a ship that through the Ocean wyde,
by conduct of some star doth make her way.
whenas a storme hath dimd her trusty guyde.
out of her course doth wander far astray.
So I whose star, that wont with her bright ray,
me to direct, with cloudes is ouercast,
doe wander now in darkenesse and dismay,
through hidden perils round about me plast.
Yet hope I well, that when this storme is past
my *Helice* the lodestar of my lyfe
will shine again, and looke on me at last,
with louely light to cleare my cloudy grief,
Till then I wander carefull comfortlesse,
in secret sorow and sad pensiuenesse.

My

SONNET. XXXV.

MY hungry eyes through greedy couetize,
ſtill to behold the obiect of their paine:
with no contentment can themſelues ſuffize,
but hauing pine and hauing not complaine.
For lacking it they cannot lyfe ſuſtayne,
and hauing it they gaze on it the more:
in their amazement lyke *Narciſſus* vaine
whoſe eyes him ſtaru'd: ſo plenty makes me poore
Yet are mine eyes ſo filled with the ſtore
of that faire ſight, that nothing elſe they brooke,
but lothe the things which they did like before,
and can no more endure on them to looke.
All this worlds glory ſeemeth vayne to me,
and all their ſhowes but ſhadowes ſauing ſhe.

SONNET. XXXVI.

TEll me when ſhall theſe wearie woes haue end,
Or ſhall their ruthleſſe torment neuer ceaſe:
but al my dayes in pining languor ſpend,
without hope of aſwagement or releaſe.
Is there no meanes for me to purchace peace,
or make agreement with her thrilling eyes:
but that their cruelty doth ſtill increace,
and dayly more augment my miſeryes.
But when ye haue ſhewed all extremityes,
then thinke how litle glory ye haue gayned:
by ſlaying him, whoſe lyfe though ye deſpyſe,
mote haue your life in honour long maintayned.
But by his death which ſome perhaps will mone,
ye ſhall condemned be of many a one.

What

SONNET. XXXVII.

WHat guyle is this, that thoſe her golden treſſes,
She doth attyre vnder a net of gold:
and with ſly skill ſo cunningly them dreſſes,
that which is gold or heare, may ſcarſe be told?
Is it that mens frayle eyes, which gaze too bold,
ſhe may entangle in that golden ſnare:
and being caught may craftily enfold,
theyr weaker harts, which are not wel aware?
Take heed therefore, myne eyes, how ye doe ſtare
henceforth too raſhly on that guilefull net,
in which if euer ye entrapped are,
out of her bands ye by no meanes ſhall get.
Fondneſſe it were for any being free,
to couet fetters, though they golden bee.

Arion,

SONNET. XXXVIII.

ARion, when through tempests cruel wracke,
He forth was thrown into the greedy seas:
through the sweet musick which his harp did make
allu'rd a Dolphin him from death to ease.
But my rude musick, which was wont to please
some dainty eares, cannot with any skill,
the dreadfull tempest of her wrath appease,
nor moue the Dolphin from her stubborne will,
But in her pride she dooth perseuer still,
all careless how my life for her decayse:
yet with one word she can it saue or spill,
to spill were pitty, but to saue were prayse.
Chose rather to be prayse for dooing good,
then to be blam'd for spilling guiltlesse blood.

Sweet

SONNET. XXXIX.

SWeet ſmile, the daughter of the Queene of loue,
Expreſsing all thy mothers powreſull art:
with which ſhe wonts to temper angry loue,
when all the gods he threats with thundring dart.
Sweet is thy vertue as thy ſelfe ſweet art,
for when on me thou ſhinedſt late in ſadneſſe:
a melting pleaſance ran through euery part,
and me reuiued with hart robbing gladneſſe.
Whyleſt rapt with ioy reſembling heauenly madnes,
my ſoule was rauiſht quite as in a traunce:
and feeling thence no more her ſorowes ſadneſſe,
fed on the fulneſſe of that chearefull glaunce.
More ſweet than Nectar or Ambroſiall meat,
ſeemd euery bit, which thenceforth I did eat.

Mark

SONNET. XL.

MArk when ſhe ſmiles with amiable cheare,
And tell me whereto can ye lyken it:
when on each eyelid ſweetly doe appeare,
an hundred Graces as in ſhade to ſit.
Lykeſt it ſeemeth in my ſimple wit
vnto the fayre ſunſhine in ſomers day:
that when a dreadfull ſtorme away is flit,
thrugh the broad world doth ſpred his goodly ray
At ſight whereof each bird that ſits on ſpray,
and euery beaſt that to his den was fled:
comes forth afreſh out of their late diſmay,
and to the light lift vp theyr drouping hed.
So my ſtorme beaten hart likewiſe is cheared,
with that ſunſhine when cloudy looks are cleared.

Is

SONNET. XLI.

IS it her nature or is it her will,
to be ſo cruell to an humbled foe:
if nature, then ſhe may it mend with skill,
if will, then ſhe at will may will forgoe.
But if her nature and her wil be ſo,
that ſhe will plague the man that loues her moſt:
and take delight t'encreaſe a wretches woe,
then all her natures goodly guiſts are loſt.
And that ſame glorious beauties ydle boaſt,
is but a bayt ſuch wretches to beguile:
as being long in her loues tempeſt toſt,
ſhe meanes at laſt to make her piteous ſpoyle.
O fayreſt fayre let neuer it be named,
that ſo fayre beauty was ſo fowly ſhamed.

The

SONNET. XLII.

THe loue which me ſo cruelly tormenteth,
So pleaſing is in my extreameſt paine:
that all the more my ſorrow it augmenteth,
the more I loue and doe embrace my bane.
Ne doe I wiſh (for wiſhing were but vaine)
to be acquit fro my continuall ſmart:
but ioy her thrall for euer to remayne,
and yield for pledge my poore captyued hart
The which that it from her may neuer ſtart,
let her, yf pleaſe her, bynd with adamant chayne:
and from all wandring loues which mote peruart,
his ſafe aſſurance ſtrongly it reſtrayne.
Onely let her abſtaine from cruelty,
and doe me not before my time to dy.

Shall

SONNET. XLIII.

SHall I then ſilent be or ſhall I ſpeake?
And if I ſpeake, her wrath renew I ſhall:
and if I ſilent be, my hart will breake,
or choked be with ouerflowing gall.
What tyranny is this both my hart to thrall,
and eke my toung with proud reſtraint to tie?
that nether I may ſpeake nor thinke at all,
but like a ſtupid ſtock in ſilence die.
Yet I my hart with ſilence ſecretly
will teach to ſpeak, and my iuſt cauſe to plead:
and eke mine eies with meeke humility,
loue learned letters to her eyes to read.
Which her deep wit, that true harts thought can ſpel,
wil ſoone conceiue, and learne to conſtrue well.

When

SONNET. XLIIII.

WHen thoſe renoumed noble Peres of Greece,
thrugh ſtubborn pride amongſt thẽ ſelues did iar
forgetfull of the famous golden fleece,
then Orpheus with his harp theyr ſtrife did bar.
But this continuall cruell ciuill warre,
the which my ſelfe againſt my ſelfe doe make:
whileſt my weak powres of paſsions warreid arre
no skill can ſtint nor reaſon can aſlake.
But when in hand my tuneleſſe harp I take,
then doe I more augment my foes deſpight:
and grieſe renew, and paſsions doe awake,
to battaile freſh againſt my ſelfe to fight.
Mongſt whome the more I ſeeke to ſettle peace,
the more I fynd their malice to increace.

Leaue

SONNET. XLV.

LEaue lady in your glaſſe of chriſtall clene,
Your goodly ſelfe for euermore to vew:
and in my ſelfe, my inward ſelfe I meane,
moſt liuely lyke behold your ſemblant trew.
Within my hart, though hardly it can ſhew,
thing ſo diuine to vew of earthly eye:
the fayre Idea of your celeſtiall hew,
and euery part remaines immortally:
And were it not that through your cruelty,
with ſorrow dimmed and deformd it were:
the goodly ymage of your viſnomy,
clearer then chriſtall would therein appere.
But if your ſelfe in me ye playne will ſee,
remoue the cauſe by which your fayre beames darkned be.

SONNET. XLVI.

WHen my abodes prefixed time is ſpent,
My cruell fayre ſtreight bids me wend my way:
but then frō heauen moſt hideous ſtormes are ſent
as willing me againſt her will to ſtay.
Whom then ſhall I or heauen or her obay,
the heauens know beſt what is the beſt for me:
but as ſhe will, whoſe will my life doth ſway,
my lower heauen, ſo it perforce muſt bee.
But ye high heuens, that all this ſorowe ſee,
ſith all your tempeſts cannot hold me backe:
aſwage your ſtormes, or elſe both you and ſhe,
will both together me too ſorely wrack.
Enough it is for one man to ſuſtaine,
the ſtormes, which ſhe alone on me doth raine.

Trust

SONNET. XLVII.

TRuſt not the treaſon of thoſe ſmyling lookes,
vntill ye haue theyr guyleſull traynes well tryde:
for they are lyke but vnto golden hookes,
that from the fooliſh fiſh theyr bayts doe hyde:
So ſhe with flattring ſmyles weake harts doth guyde,
vnto her loue and tempte to theyr decay,
whome being caught ſhe kills with cruell pryde,
and feeds at pleaſure on the wretched pray:
Yet euen whylſt her bloody hands them ſlay,
her eyes looke louely and vpon them ſmyle:
that they take pleaſure in her cruell play,
and dying doe them ſelues of payne beguyle.
O mighty charm which makes men loue theyr bane,
and thinck they dy with pleaſure, liue with payne.

SONNET. XLVIII.

INnocent paper whom too cruell hand,
Did make the matter to auenge her yre:
and ere ſhe could thy cauſe wel vnderſtand,
did ſacrifize vnto the greedy fyre.
Well worthy thou to haue found better hyre,
then ſo bad end for hereticks ordayned:
yet heroſy nor treaſon didſt conſpire,
but plead thy maiſters cauſe vniuſtly payned.
Whom ſhe all careleſſe of his griefe conſtrayned
to vtter forth th'anguiſh of his hart:
and would not heare, when he to her complayned,
the piteous paſsion of his dying ſmart.
Yet liue for euer, though againſt her will,
and ſpeake her good, though ſhe requite it ill.

Fayre

SONNET. XLIX.

FAyre cruell, why are ye so fierce and cruell?
Is it because your eyes haue powre to kill?
then know, that mercy is the mighties iewell,
and greater glory thinke to saue, then spill.
But if it be your pleasure and proud will,
to shew the powre of your imperious eyes:
then not on him that neuer thought you ill,
but bend your force against your enemyes.
Let them seele th'utmost of your crueltyes,
and kill, with looks as Cockatrices doo:
but him that at your footstoole humbled lies,
with mercifull regard, giue mercy too.
Such mercy shal you make admyred to be,
so shall you liue by giuing life to me.

SONNET. L.

LOng languiſhing in double malady,
of my harts wound and of my bodies greiſe:
there came to me a leach that would apply
fit medicines for my bodies beſt reliefe.
Vayne man (quod I) that haſt but little prieſe:
in deep diſcouery of the mynds diſeaſe,
is not the hart of all the body chiefe?
and rules the members as it ſelfe doth pleaſe.
Then with ſome cordialls ſeeke firſt to appeaſe,
the inward languour of my wounded hart,
and then my body ſhall haue ſhortly eaſe:
but ſuch ſweet cordialls paſſe Phyſitions art.
Then my lyfes Leach doe you your skill reueale,
and with one ſalue both hart and body heale.

Doe

SONNET. LI.

DOe I not see that fayrest ymages
Of hardest Marble are of purpose made?
for that they should endure through many ages,
ne let theyr famous moniments to fade.
Why then doe I, vntrainde in louers trade,
her hardnes blame which I should more cómend?
sith neuer ought was excellent assayde,
which was not hard t'atchiue and bring to end.
Ne ought so hard, but he that would attend,
mote soften it and to his will allure:
so doe I hope her stubborne hart to bend,
and that it then more stedfast will endure.
Onely my paines wil be the more to get her,
but hauing her, my ioy wil be the greater.

SONNET. LII.

SO oft as homeward I from her depart,
I goe lyke one that hauing loſt the field:
is priſoner led away with heauy hart,
deſpoyld of warlike armes and knowen ſhield.
So doe I now my ſelfe a priſoner yeeld,
to ſorrow and to ſolitary paine:
from preſence of my deareſt deare exylde,
longwhile alone in languor to remaine.
There let no thought of ioy or pleaſure vaine,
dare to approch, that may my ſolace breed:
but ſudden dumps and drery ſad diſdayne,
of all worlds gladneſſe more my torment feed.
So I her abſens will my penaunce make,
that of her preſens I my meed may take.

The

SONNET. LIII.

THe Panther knowing that his ſpotted hyde,
Doth pleaſe all beaſts but that his looks thé fray:
within a buſh his dreadfull head doth hide,
to let them gaze whyleſt he on them may pray.
Right ſo my cruell fayre with me doth play,
for with the goodly ſemblant of her hew:
ſhe doth allure me to mine owne decay,
and then no mercy will vnto me ſhew.
Great ſhame it is, thing ſo diuine in view,
made for to be the worlds moſt ornament:
to make the bayte her gazers to embrew,
good ſhames to be to ill an inſtrument.
But mercy doth with beautie beſt agree,
as in theyr maker ye them beſt may ſee.

Of

SONNET. LIIII.

OF this worlds Theatre in which we ſtay,
My loue lyke the Spectator idly ſits
beholding me that all the pageants play,
diſguyſing diuerſly my troubled wits.
Sometimes I ioy when glad occaſion fits,
and maſk in myrth lyke to a Comedy:
ſoone after when my ioy to ſorrow flits,
I waile and make my woes a Tragedy.
Yet ſhe beholding me with conſtant eye,
delights not in my merth nor rues my ſmart:
but when I laugh ſhe mocks, and when I cry
ſhe laughes, and hardens euermore her hart.
What then can moue her? if nor merth nor mone,
ſhe is no woman, but a ſenceleſſe ſtone.

So

SONNET. LV.

SO oft as I her beauty doe behold,
And therewith doe her cruelty compare:
I maruaile of what substance was the mould
the which her made attonce so cruell faire.
Not earth; for her high thoghts more heauenly are,
not water; for her loue doth burne like fyre:
not ayre; for she is not so light or rare,
not fyre; for she doth frieze with faint desire.
Then needs another Element inquire
whereof she mote be made; that is the skye.
for to the heauen her haughty lookes aspire:
and eke her mind is pure immortall hye.
Then sith to heauen ye lykened are the best,
be lyke in mercy as in all the rest:

Fayre

SONNET. LVI.

FAyre ye be ſure, but cruell and vnkind,
As is a Tygre that with greedineſſe
hunts after bloud, when he by chance doth find
a feeble beaſt, doth felly him oppreſſe.
Fayre be ye ſure but proud and pittileſſe,
as is a ſtorme, that all things doth proſtrate:
finding a tree alone all comfortleſſe,
beats on it ſtrongly it to ruinate.
Fayre be ye ſure, but hard and obſtinate,
as is a rocke amidſt the raging floods:
gaynſt which a ſhip of ſuccour deſolate,
doth ſuffer wreck both of her ſelfe and goods.
That ſhip, that tree, and that ſame beaſt am I,
whom ye doe wreck, doe ruine, and deſtroy.

Sweet

SONNET. LVII.

SWeet warriour when ſhall I haue peace with you?
High time it is, this warre now ended were:
which I no lenger can endure to ſue,
ne your inceſſant battry more to beare:
So weake my powres, ſo ſore my wounds appeare,
that wonder is how I ſhould liue a iot,
ſeeing my hart through launched euery where
with thouſand arrowes, which your eies haue ſhot:
Yet ſhoot ye ſharpely ſtill, and ſpare me not,
but glory thinke to make theſe cruel ſtoures,
ye cruell one, what glory can be got,
in ſlaying him that would liue gladly yours?
Make peace therefore, and graunt me timely grace,
that al my wounds wil heale in little ſpace.

Weake

SONNET. LVIII.

By her that is moſt aſſured to her ſelfe.

WEake is th'aſſurance that weake fleſh repoſeth,
In her owne powre and ſcorneth others ayde:
that ſooneſt fals when as ſhe moſt ſuppoſeth,
her ſelfe aſſurd, and is of nought affrayd.
All fleſh is frayle, and all her ſtrength vnſtayd,
like a vaine bubble blowen vp with ayre:
deuouring tyme & changeful chance haue prayd,
her glories pride that none may it repayre.
Ne none ſo rich or wiſe, ſo ſtrong or fayre,
but fayleth truſting on his owne aſſurance:
and he that ſtandeth on the hygheſt ſtayre
fals loweſt: for on earth nought hath enduraunce.
Why then doe ye proud fayre, miſdeeme ſo farre,
that to your ſelfe ye moſt aſſured arre.

Thriſe

SONNET. LIX.

THrise happie she, that is so well assured
Vnto her selfe and setled so in hart:
that nether will for better be allured,
ne feard with worse to any chaunce to start,
But like a steddy ship doth strongly part
the raging waues and keepes her course aright:
ne ought for tempest doth from it depart,
ne ought for fayrer weathers false delight.
Such selfe assurance need not feare the spight,
of grudging foes, ne fauour seek of friends:
but in the stay of her owne stedfast might,
nether to one her selfe nor other bends.
Most happy she that most assured doth rest,
but he most happy who such one loues best.

They

SONNET. LX.

THey that in course of heauenly spheares are skild,
To euery planet point his sundry yeare:
in which her circles voyage is sulfild,
as Mars in three score yeares doth run his spheare
So since the winged God his planet cleare,
began in me to moue, one yeare is spent:
the which doth longer vnto me appeare,
then al those fourty which my life outwent.
Then by that count, which louers books inuent,
the spheare of Cupid fourty yeares containes:
which I haue wasted in long languishment,
that seemd the longer for my greater paines.
But let my loues fayre Planet short her wayes
this yeare ensuing, or else short my dayes.

The

SONNET. LXI.

THe glorious image of the makers beautie,
My ſouerayne ſaynt, the Idoll of my thought,
dare not henceforth aboue the bounds of dewtie,
t'accuſe of pride, or raſhly blame for ought.
For being as ſhe is diuinely wrought,
and of the brood of Angels heuenly borne:
and with the crew of bleſſed Saynts vpbrought,
each of which did her with theyr guiſts adorne;
The bud of ioy, the bloſſome of the morne,
the beame of light, whom mortal eyes admyre:
what reaſon is it then but ſhe ſhould ſcorne,
baſe things that to her loue too bold aſpire?
Such heauenly formes ought rather worſhipt be,
then dare be lou'd by men of meane degree.

The

SONNET. LXII.

THe weary yeare his race now hauing run,
The new begins his compaſt courſe anew:
with ſhew of morning mylde he hath begun,
betokening peace and plenty to enſew,
So let vs, which this chaunge of weather vew,
chaunge eeke our mynds and former liues amend
the old yeares ſinnes forepaſt let vs eſchew,
and fly the faults with which we did offend.
Then ſhall the new yeares ioy forth freſhly ſend,
into the glooming world his gladſome ray:
and all theſe ſtormes which now his beauty blend,
ſhall turne to caulmes and tymely cleare away.
So likewiſe loue cheare you your heauy ſpright,
and chaunge old yeares annoy to new delight.

After

SONNET. LXIII.

AFter long ſtormes and tempeſts ſad aſſay,
Which hardly I endured heretofore:
in dread of death and daungerous diſmay,
with which my ſilly barke was toſſed ſore.
I doe at length deſcry the happy ſhore,
in which I hope ere long for to arryue,
fayre ſoyle it ſeemes from far & fraught with ſtore
of all that deare and daynty is alyue.
Moſt happy he that can at laſt atchyue,
the ioyous ſafety of ſo ſweet a reſt:
whoſe leaſt delight ſufficeth to depriue,
remembrance of all paines which him oppreſt.
All paines are nothing in reſpect of this,
all ſorrowes ſhort that gaine eternall bliſſe.

SONNET. LXIIII.

COmming to kiſſe her lyps, (ſuch grace I found)
Me ſeemd I ſmelt a gardin of ſweet flowres:
that dainty odours from them threw around
for damzels fit to decke their louers bowres.
Her lips did ſmell lyke vnto Gillyflowers,
her ruddy cheekes lyke vnto Roſes red:
her ſnowy browes lyke budded Bellamoures,
her louely eyes lyke Pincks but newly ſpred,
Her goodly boſome lyke a Strawberry bed,
her neck lyke to a bounch of Cullambynes:
her breſt lyke lillyes, ere theyr leaues be ſhed,
her nipples lyke yong bloſſomd Ieſſemynes,
Such fragrant flowres doe giue moſt odorous ſmell,
but her ſweet odour did them all excell.

The

SONNET. LXV.

THe doubt which ye misdeeme, fayre loue, is vaine,
That fondly feare to loose your liberty,
when loosing one, two liberties ye gayne,
and make him bond that bondage earst dyd fly.
Sweet be the bands, the which true loue doth tye,
without constraynt or dread of any ill:
the gentle birde feeles no captiuity
within her cage, but singes and feeds her fill.
There pride dare not approch, nor discord spill
the league twixt them, that loyal loue hath bound:
but simple truth and mutuall good will,
seekes with sweet peace to salue each others woũd
There fayth doth fearlesse dwell in brasen towre,
and spotlesse pleasure builds her sacred bowre.

SONNET. LXVI.

TO all thoſe happy bleſsings which ye haue,
with plenteous hand by heauen vpon you thrown:
this one diſparagement they to you gaue,
that ye your loue lent to ſo meane a one.
Yee whoſe high worths ſurpaſsing paragon,
could not on earth haue found one fit for mate,
ne but in heauen matchable to none,
why did ye ſtoup vnto ſo lowly ſtate.
But ye thereby much greater glory gate,
then had ye ſorted with a princes pere:
for now your light doth more it ſelfe dilate,
and in my darkneſſe greater doth appeare.
Yet ſince your light hath once enlumind me,
with my reflex yours ſhall encreaſed be.

Lyke

SONNET. LXVII.

Lyke as a huntſman after weary chace,
Seeing the game from him eſcapt away:
ſits downe to reſt him in ſome ſhady place,
with panting hounds beguiled of their pray.
So after long purſuit and vaine aſſay,
when I all weary had the chace forſooke,
the gentle deare returnd the ſelfe-ſame way,
thinking to quench her thirſt at the next brooke.
There ſhe beholding me with mylder looke,
ſought not to fly, but fearleſſe ſtill did bide:
till I in hand her yet halfe trembling tooke,
and with her owne goodwill hir fyrmely tyde.
Strange thing me ſeemd to ſee a beaſt ſo w ld,
ſo goodly wonne with her owne will beguyld.

SONNET. LXVIII.

MOst glorious Lord of lyfe that on this day,
Didst make thy triumph ouer death and sin:
and hauing harrowd hell didst bring away,
captiuity thence captiue vs to win.
This ioyous day, deare Lord, with ioy begin,
and grant that we for whom thou diddest dye
being with thy deare blood clene washt from sin,
may liue for euer in felicity.
And that thy loue we weighing worthily,
may likewise loue thee for the same againe:
and for thy sake that all lyke deare didst buy,
with loue may one another entertayne.
So let vs loue, deare loue, lyke as we ought,
loue is the lesson which the Lord vs taught.

The

SONNET. LXIX.

THe famous warriors of the anticke world,
Vſed Trophees to erect in ſtately wize:
in which they would the records haue enrold,
of theyr great deeds and valarous emprize.
What trophee then ſhall I moſt fit deuize,
in which I may record the memory
of my loues conqueſt, peereleſſe beauties priſe,
adorn'd with honour, loue, and chaſtity.
Euen this verſe vowd to eternity,
ſhall be thereof immortall moniment:
and tell her prayſe to all poſterity,
that may admire ſuch worlds rare wonderment.
The happy purchaſe of my glorious ſpoile,
gotten at laſt with labour and long toyle.

Freſh

SONNET. LXX.

FResh ſpring the herald of loues mighty king,
In whoſe cote armour richly are diſplayd,
all ſorts of flowers the which on earth do ſpring
in goodly colours glorïouſly arrayd.
Goe to my loue, where ſhe is careleſſe layd,
yet in her winters bowre not well awake;
tell her the ioyous time wil not be ſtaid
vnleſſe ſhe doe him by the forelock take.
Bid her therefore her ſelfe ſoone ready make,
to wayt on loue amongſt his louely crew:
where euery one that miſſeth then her make,
ſhall be by him amearſt with penance dew.
Make haſt therefore ſweet loue, whileſt it is prime,
for none can call againe the paſſed time.

SONNET. LXXI.

I Ioy to ſee how in your drawen work,
Your ſelfe vnto the Bee ye doe compare;
and mé vnto the Spyder that doth lurke,
in cloſe awayt to catch her vnaware.
Right ſo your ſelfe were caught in cunning ſnare
of a deare foe, and thralled to his loue:
in whoſe ſtreight bands ye now captiued are
ſo firmely, that ye neuer may remoue.
But as your worke is wouen all about,
with woodbynd flowers and fragrant Eglantine:
ſo ſweet your priſon you in time ſhall proue,
with many deare delights bedecked fyne.
And all thensforth eternall peace ſhall ſee.
betweene the Spyder and the gentle Bee.

Oft

SONNET. LXXII.

OFt when my ſpirit doth ſpred her bolder winges,
In mind to mount vp to the pureſt sky:
it down is weighd with thoght of earthly things
and clogd with burden of mortality,
Where when that ſouerayne beauty it doth ſpy,
reſembling heauens glory in her light:
drawne with ſweet pleaſures bayt, it back doth fly,
and vnto heauen forgets her former flight.
There my fraile fancy fed with full delight,
doth bath in bliſſe and mantleth moſt at eaſe:
ne thinks of other heauen, but how it might
her harts deſire with moſt contentment pleaſe.
Hart need not wiſh none other happineſſe,
but here on earth to haue ſuch heuens bliſſe.

Being

SONNET. LXXIII.

BEing my ſelfe captyued here in care,
My hart, whom none with ſeruile bands can tye:
but the fayre treſſes of your golden hayre,
breaking his priſon forth to you doth fly.
Lyke as a byrd that in ones hand doth ſpy
deſired food, to it doth make his flight:
euen ſo my hart, that wont on your fayre eye
to feed his fill, flyes backe vnto your ſight.
Doe you him take, and in your boſome bright,
gently encage, that he may be your thrall:
perhaps he there may learne with rare delight,
to ſing your name and prayſes ouer all.
That it hereafter may you not repent,
him lodging in your boſome to haue lent.

Moſt

SONNET. LXXIIII.

MOst happy letters fram'd by skilfull trade,
with which that happy name was firſt deſynd:
the which three times thriſe happy hath me made,
with guiſts of body, fortune and of mind.
The firſt my being to me gaue by kind,
from mothers womb deriu'd by dew deſcent,
the ſecond is my ſouereigne Queene moſt kind,
that honour and large richeſſe to me lent.
The third my loue, my liues laſt ornament,
by whom my ſpirit out of duſt was rayſed:
to ſpeake her prayſe and glory excellent,
of all aliue moſt worthy to be prayſed.
Ye three Elizabeths for euer liue,
that three ſuch graces did vnto me giue.

One

SONNET. LXXV.

ONe day I wrote her name vpon the ſtrand,
but came the waues and waſhed it a way:
agayne I wrote it with a ſecond hand,
but came the tyde, and made my paynes his pray.
Vayne man, ſayd ſhe, that doeſt in vaine aſſay,
a mortall thing ſo to immortalize.
for I my ſelue ſhall lyke to this decay,
and eek my name bee wyped out lykewize.
Not ſo, (quod I) let baſer things deuize,
to dy in duſt, but you ſhall liue by fame:
my verſe your vertues rare ſhall eternize,
and in the heuens wryte your glorious name.
Where whenas death ſhall all the world ſubdew,
our loue ſhall liue, and later life renew.

Fayre

SONNET. LXXVI.

FAyre boſome fraught with vertues richeſt treſure,
The neaſt of loue, the lodging of delight:
the bowre of bliſſe, the paradice of pleaſure,
the ſacred harbour of that heuenly ſpright.
How was I rauiſht with your louely ſight,
and my frayle thoughts too raſhly led aſtray?
whiles diuing deepe through amorous inſight,
on the ſweet ſpoyle of beautie they did pray.
And twixt her paps like early fruit in May,
whoſe harueſt ſeemd to haſten now apace:
they looſely did theyr wanton winges diſplay,
and there to reſt themſelues did boldly place.
Sweet thoughts I enuy your ſo happy reſt,
which oft I wiſht, yet neuer was ſo bleſt.

Was

SONNET. LXXVII.

Was it a dreame, or did I ſee it playne,
a goodly table of pure yvory:
all ſpred with iuncats, fit to entertayne,
the greateſt Prince with pompous roialty.
Mongſt which there in a ſiluer diſh did ly,
twoo golden apples of vnualewd price:
far paſſing thoſe which Hercules came by,
or thoſe which Atalanta did entice.
Exceeding ſweet, yet voyd of ſinfull vice,
That many ſought yet none could euer taſte,
ſweet fruit of pleaſure brought from paradice:
By loue himſelfe and in his garden plaſte.
Her breſt that table was ſo richly ſpredd, (fedd.
my thoughts the gueſts, which would thereon haue

Lacking

SONNET. LXXVIII.

Lackyng my loue I go from place to place,
lyke a young fawne that late hath loſt the hynd:
and ſeeke each where, where laſt I ſawe her face,
whoſe ymage yet I carry freſh in mynd.
I ſeeke the fields with her late footing ſynd,
I ſeeke her bowre with her late preſence deckt,
yet nor in field nor bowre I her can fynd:
yet field and bowre are full of her aſpect,
But when myne eyes I thereunto direct,
they ydly back returne to me agayne,
and when I hope to ſee theyr trew obiect,
I fynd my ſelfe but fed with fancies vayne.
Ceaſſe then myne eyes, to ſeeke her ſelfe to ſee,
and let my thoughts behold her ſelfe in mee:

Men

SONNET. LXXIX.

MEn call you fayre, and you doe credit it,
For that your ſelfe ye dayly ſuch doe ſee:
but the trew fayre, that is the gentle wit,
and vertuous mind is much more prayſd of me.
For all the reſt, how euer fayre it be,
ſhall turne to nought and looſe that glorious hew:
but onely that is permanent and free
from frayle corruption, that doth fleſh enſew.
That is true beautie: that doth argue you
to be diuine and borne of heauenly ſeed:
deriu'd from that fayre Spirit, from whom al true
and perfect beauty did at firſt proceed.
He onely fayre, and what he fayre hath made,
all other fayre lyke flowres vntymely fade.

SONNET. LXXX.

AFter ſo long a race as I haue run
Through Faery land, which thoſe ſix books cõpile
giue leaue to reſt me being halfe fordonne,
and gather to my ſelfe new breath awhile.
Then as a ſteed refreſhed after toyle,
out of my priſon I will breake anew:
and ſtoutly will that ſecond worke aſſoyle,
with ſtrong endeuour and attention dew.
Till then giue leaue to me in pleaſant mew,
to ſport my muſe and ſing my loues ſweet praiſe:
the contemplation of whoſe heauenly hew,
my ſpirit to an higher pitch will rayſe.
But let her prayſes yet be low and meane,
fit for the handmayd of the Faery Queene.

Fayre

SONNET. LXXXI.

Fayre is my loue, when her fayre golden heares,
with the looſe wynd ye wauing chance to marke:
fayre when the roſe in her red cheekes appeares,
or in her eyes the fyre of loue does ſparke.
Fayre when her breſt lyke a rich laden barke,
with pretious merchandize ſhe forth doth lay:
fayre whē that cloud of pryde, which oft doth dark
her goodly light with ſmiles ſhe driues away.
But fayreſt ſhe, when ſo ſhe doth diſplay,
the gate with pearles and rubyes richly dight:
throgh which her words ſo wiſe do make their way
to beare the meſſage of her gentle ſpright,
The reſt be works of natures wonderment,
but this the worke of harts aſtoniſhment.

SONNET. LXXXII.

IOy of my life, full oft for louing you
I bleſſe my lot, that was ſo lucky placed:
but then the more your owne miſhap I rew,
that are ſo much by ſo meane loue embaſed.
For had the equall heuens ſo much you graced
in this as in the reſt, ye mote inuent
ſom heuenly wit, whoſe verſe could haue enchaſed
your glorious name in golden moniment.
But ſince ye deignd ſo goodly to relent
to me your thrall, in whom is little worth,
that little that I am, ſhall all be ſpent,
in ſetting your immortall prayſes forth.
Whoſe lofty argument vplifting me,
ſhall lift you vp vnto an high degree.

My

SONNET. LXXXIII.

MY hungry eyes, through greedy couetize,
Still to behold the obiect of theyr payne:
with no contentment can themſelues ſuffize,
but hauing pine, and hauing not complayne
For lacking it, they cannot lyfe ſuſtayne,
and ſeeing it, they gaze on it the more:
in theyr amazement lyke Narciſſus vayne
whoſe eyes him ſtaru'd: ſo plenty makes me pore.
Yet are myne eyes ſo filled with the ſtore
of that fayre ſight, that nothing elſe they brooke:
but loath the things which they did like before,
and can no more endure on them to looke.
All this worlds glory ſeemeth vayne to me,
and all theyr ſhewes but ſhadowes ſauing ſhe.

SONNET. LXXXIIII.

LEt not one ſparke of filthy luſtfull fyre
breake out, that may her ſacred peace moleſt:
ne one light glance of ſenſuall deſyre:
Attempt to work her gentle mindes vnreſt.
But pure affections bred in ſpotleſſe breſt,
& modeſt thoughts breathd fró wel tépred ſprites
goe viſit her in her chaſt bowre of reſt,
accompanyde with angelick delightes.
There fill your ſelfe with thoſe moſt ioyous ſights,
the which my ſelfe could neuer yet attayne:
but ſpeake no word to her of theſe ſad plights,
which her too conſtant ſtiffeneſſe doth conſtrayn.
Onely behold her rare perfection,
and bleſſe your fortunes fayre election.

The

SONNET. LXXXV.

THe world that cannot deeme of worthy things,
when I doe praiſe her, ſay I doe but flatter:
ſo does the Cuckow, when the Mauis ſings,
begin his witleſſe note apace to clatter.
But they that skill not of ſo heauenly matter,
all that they know not, enuy or admyre,
rather then enuy let them wonder at her,
but not to deeme of her deſert aſpyre.
Deepe in the cloſet of my parts entyre,
her worth is written with a golden quill:
that me with heauenly fury doth inſpire,
and my glad mouth with her ſweet prayſes fill.
Which when as fame in her ſhrill trump ſhal thunder
let the world choſe to enuy or to wonder.

Vene-

SONNET. LXXXVI.

VEnemous toung tipt with vile adders ſting,
Of that ſelfe kynd with which the Furies tell
theyr ſnaky heads doe combe, from which a ſpring
of poyſoned words and ſpitefull ſpeeches well.
Let all the plagues and horrid paines of hell,
vpon thee fall for thine accurſed hyre:
that with falſe forged lyes, which thou didſt tel,
in my true loue did ſtirre vp coles of yre,
The ſparkes whereof let kindle thine own fyre,
and catching hold on thine owne wicked hed
conſume thee quite, that didſt with guile conſpire
in my ſweet peace ſuch breaches to haue bred.
Shame be thy meed, and miſchiefe thy reward.
dew to thy ſelfe that it for me prepard.

Since

SONNET. LXXXVII.

SInce I did leaue the preſence of my loue,
Many long weary dayes I haue outworne:
and many nights, that ſlowly ſeemd to moue,
theyr ſad protract from euening vntill morne.
For when as day the heauen doth adorne,
I wiſh that night the noyous day would end:
and when as night hath vs of light forlorne,
I wiſh that day would ſhortly reaſcend.
Thus I the time with expectation ſpend,
and faine my griefe with chaunges to beguile,
that further ſeemes his terme ſtill to extend,
and maketh euery minute ſeeme a myle.
So ſorrow ſtill doth ſeeme too long to laſt,
but ioyous houres doo fly away too faſt.

Since

SONNET: LXXXVIII.

SInce I haue lackt the comfort of that light,
The which was wont to lead my thoughts astray:
I wander as in darkenesse of the night,
affrayd of euery dangers least dismay.
Ne ought I see, though in the cleerest day,
when others gaze vpon theyr shadowes vayne:
but th'onely image of that heauenly ray,
whereof some glance doth in mine eie remayne.
Of which beholding th'Idæa playne,
through contemplation of my purest part:
with light thereof I doe my selfe sustayne,
and thereon feed my loue-affamisht hart.
But with such brightnesse whyleſt I fill my mind,
I starue my body and mine eyes doe blynd.

Lyke

SONNET. LXXXIX.

LYke as the Culuer on the bared bough,
Sits mourning for the abſence of her mate:
and in her ſongs ſends many a wiſhfull vew,
for his returne that ſeemes to linger late.
So I alone now left diſconſolate,
mourne to my ſelfe the abſence of my loue;
and wandring here and there all deſolate,
ſeek with my playnts to match that mournful doue
Ne ioy of ought that vnder heauen doth houe,
can comfort me, but her owne ioyous ſight:
whoſe ſweet aſpect both God and man can moue,
in her vnſpotted pleaſaunce to delight.
Dark is my day, whyles her fayre light I mis,
and dead my life that wants ſuch liuely blis.

In

IN youth before I waxed old.
The blynd boy Venus baby,
For want of cunning made me bold,
In bitter hyue to grope for honny.
But when he saw me stung and cry,
He tooke his wings and away did fly.

As Diane hunted on a day,
She chaunst to come where Cupid lay,
his quiuer by his head:
One of his shafts she stole away,
And one of hers did close conuay,
into the others stead:
With that loue wounded my loues hart,
but Diane beasts with Cupids dart.

I Saw in ſecret to my Dame,
How little Cupid humbly came:
and ſayd to her All hayle my mother.
But when he ſaw me laugh, for ſhame:
His face with baſhfull blood did flame,
not knowing Venus from the other,
Then neuer bluſh Cupid (quoth I)
for many haue err'd in this beauty.

Vpon

VPon a day as loue lay ſweetly ſlumbring,
all in his mothers lap:
A gentle Bee with his loud trumpet murm'ring,
about him flew by hap.
Whereof when he was wakened with the noyſe,
and ſaw the beaſt ſo ſmall:
Whats this (quoth he) that giues ſo great a voyce,
that wakens men withall.
In angry wize he flyes about,
and threatens all with corage ſtout.

TO whom his mother closely smiling sayd,
twixt earnest and twixt game:
See thou thy selfe likewise art lyttle made,
if thou regard the same.
And yet thou suffrest neyther gods in sky,
nor men in earth to rest:
But when thou art disposed cruelly,
theyr sleepe thou doost molest.
Then eyther change thy cruelty,
or giue lyke leaue vnto the fly.

Nath:

NAthleſſe the cruell boy not ſo content,
would needs the fly purſue:
And in his hand with heedleſſe hardiment,
him caught for to ſubdue.
But when on it he haſty hand did lay,
the Bee him ſtung therefore:
Now out alaſſe (he cryde) and welaway,
I wounded am full ſore:
The fly that I ſo much did ſcorne,
hath hurt me with his little horne.

Vnto

VNto his mother ſtraight he weeping came,
and of his griefe complayned:
Who could not choſe but laugh at his fond game,
though ſad to ſee him pained.
Think now (quod ſhe) my ſonne how great the ſmart
of thoſe whom thou doſt wound:
Full many thou haſt pricked to the hart,
that pitty neuer found:
Therefore henceforth ſome pitty take,
when thou doeſt ſpoyle of louers make.

SHe tooke him ſtreight full pitiouſly lamenting,
and wrapt him in her ſmock :
She wrapt him ſoftly, all the while repenting,
that he the fly did mock.
She dreſt his wound and it embaulmed wel
with ſalue of ſoueraigne might:
And then ſhe bath'd him in a dainty well
the well of deare delight.
Who would not oft be ſtung as this,
to be ſo bath'd in Venus blis.

The

THe wanton boy was ſhortly wel recured,
of that his malady:
But he ſoone after freſh againe enured,
his former cruelty.
And ſince that time he wounded hath my ſelfe
with his ſharpe dart of loue:
And now forgets the cruell careleſſe elfe,
his mothers heaſt to proue.
So now I languiſh till he pleaſe,
my pining anguiſh to appeaſe.

FINIS.

Epithalamion..

YE learned ſiſters which haue oftentimes
beene to me ayding, others to adorne:
Whom ye thought worthy of your gracefull rymes,
That euen the greateſt did not greatly ſcorne
To heare theyr names ſung in your ſimple layes,
But ioyed in theyr prayſe.
And when ye liſt your owne miſhaps to mourne,
Which death, or loue, or fortunes wreck did rayſe,
Your ſtring could ſoone to ſadder tenor turne,
And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your dolefull dreriment.
Now lay thoſe ſorrowfull complaints aſide,
And hauing all your heads with girland crownd,
Helpe me mine owne loues prayſes to reſound,
Ne let the ſame of any be enuide,
So Orpheus did for his owne bride,
So I vnto my ſelfe alone will ſing,
The woods ſhall to me anſwer and my Eccho ring.

Early

EArly before the worlds light giuing lampe,
His golden beame vpon the hils doth ſpred,
Hauing diſperſt the nights vnchearefull dampe,
Doe ye awake and with freſh luſty hed,
Go to the bowre of my beloued loue,
My trueſt turtle doue
Bid her awake; for Hymen is awake,
And long ſince ready forth his maske to moue,
With his bright Tead that flames with many a flake,
And many a bachelor to waite on him,
In theyr freſh garments trim.
Bid her awake therefore and ſoone her dight,
For lo the wiſhed day is come at laſt,
That ſhall for al the paynes and ſorrowes paſt,
Pay to her vſury of long delight,
And whyleſt ſhe doth her dight,
Doe ye to her of ioy and ſolace ſing,
That all the woods may anſwer and your eccho ring.

Bring

BRing with you all the Nymphes that you can heare
both of the riuers and the forrests greene:
And of the sea that neighbours to her neare,
Al with gay girlands goodly wel beseene.
And let them also with them bring in hand,
Another gay girland
For my fayre loue of lillyes and of roses,
Bound trueloue wize with a blew silke riband.
And let them make great store of bridale poses,
And let them eeke bring store of other flowers
To deck the bridale bowers.
And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
For feare the stones her tender foot should wrong
Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along,
And diapred lyke the discolored mead.
Which done, doe at her chamber dore awayt,
For she will waken strayt,
The whiles doe ye this song vnto her sing,
The woods shall to you answer and your Eccho ring.

Ye

YE Nymphes of Mulla which with carefull heed,
The ſiluer ſcaly trouts doe tend full well,
and greedy pikes which vſe therein to feed,
(Thoſe trouts and pikes all others doo excell)
And ye likewiſe which keepe the ruſhy lake,
Where none doo fiſhes take.
Bynd vp the locks the which hang ſcatterd light,
And in his waters which your mirror make,
Behold your faces as the chriſtall bright,
That when you come whereas my loue doth lie,
No blemiſh ſhe may ſpie.
And eke ye lightfoot mayds which keepe the dore,
That on the hoary mountayne vſe to towre,
And the wylde wolues which ſeeke them to deuoure,
With your ſteele darts doo chace frō comming neer
Be alſo preſent heere,
To helpe to decke her and to help to ſing,
That all the woods may anſwer and your eccho ring.

Wake

WAke now my loue, awake; for it is time,
The Rosy Morne long since left Tithones bed,
All ready to her siluer coche to clyme,
And Phœbus gins to shew his glorious hed.
Hark how the cheerefull birds do chaunt theyr laies
And carroll of loues praise.
The merry Larke hir mattins sings aloft,
The thrush replyes, the Mauis descant playes,
The Ouzell shrills, the Ruddock warbles soft,
So goodly all agree with sweet consent,
To this dayes merriment.
Ah my deere loue why doe ye sleepe thus long,
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T'awayt the comming of your ioyous make,
And hearken to the birds louelearned song,
The deawy leaues among.
For they of ioy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer & theyr eccho ring.

My

MY loue is now awake out of her dreame,
and her fayre eyes like ſtars that dimmed were
With darkſome cloud, now ſhew theyr goodly beams
More bright then Heſperus his head doth rere.
Come now ye damzels, daughters of delight,
Helpe quickly her to dight,
But firſt come ye fayre houres which were begot
In Ioues ſweet paradice, of Day and Night,
Which doe the ſeaſons of the yeare allot,
And al that euer in this world is fayre
Doe make and ſtill repayre.
And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian Queene,
The which doe ſtill adorne her beauties pride,
Helpe to addorne my beautifulleſt bride
And as ye her array, ſtill throw betweene
Some graces to be ſeene,
And as ye vſe to Venus, to her ſing,
The whiles the woods ſhal anſwer & your eccho ring

Now

NOw is my loue all ready forth to come,
Let all the virgins therefore well awayt,
And ye freſh boyes that tend vpon her groome
Prepare your ſelues; for he is comming ſtrayt.
Set all your things in ſeemely good aray
Fit for ſo ioyfull day,
The ioyfulſt day that euer ſunne did ſee
Faire Sun, ſhew forth thy fauourable ray,
And let thy lifull heat not feruent be
For feare of burning her ſunſhyny face,
Her beauty to diſgrace.
O fayreſt Phœbus, father of the Muſe,
If euer I did honour thee aright,
Or ſing the thing, that mote thy mind delight,
Doe not thy ſeruants ſimple boone refuſe,
But let this day let this one day be myne,
Let all the reſt be thine.
Then I thy ſouerayne prayſes loud wil ſing,
That all the woods ſhal anſwer and theyr eccho ring.

Harke

HArke how the Minſtrels gin to ſhrill aloud,
Their merry Muſick that reſounds from far,
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling Croud,
That well agree withouten breach or iar.
But moſt of all the Damzels doe delite,
When they their tymbrels ſmyte,
And thereunto doe daunce and carrol ſweet,
That all the ſences they doe rauiſh quite,
The whyles the boyes run vp and downe the ſtreet,
Crying aloud with ſtrong confuſed noyce,
As if it were one voyce.
Hymen io Hymen, Hymen they do ſhout,
That euen to the heauens theyr ſhouting ſhrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill,
To which the people ſtanding all about,
As in approuance doe thereto applaud
And loud aduaunce her laud,
And euermore they Hymen Hymen ſing,
that al the woods them anſwer and theyr eccho ring.

Loe

LOe where ſhe comes along with portly pace,
Lyke Phœbe from her chamber of the Eaſt,
Aryſing forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that ſeemes a virgin beſt.
So well it her beſeemes that ye would weene
Some angell ſhe had beene.
Her long looſe yellow locks lyke golden wyre,
Sprinckled with perle, and perling flowres a tweene,
Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre,
And being crowned with a girland greene,
Seeme lyke ſome mayden Queene,
Her modeſt eyes abaſhed to behold
So many gazers, as on her do ſtare,
Vpon the lowly ground affixed are.
Ne dare lift vp her countenance too bold,
But bluſh to heare her prayſes ſung ſo loud,
So farre from being proud.
Nathleſſe doe ye ſtill loud her prayſes ſing,
That all the woods may anſwer and your eccho ring.

Tell

TEll me ye merchants daughters did ye see
So fayre a creature in your towne before,
So sweet, so louely, and so mild as she,
Adornd with beautyes grace and vertues store,
Her goodly eyes lyke Saphyres shining bright,
Her forehead yuory white,
Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips lyke cherryes charming men to byte,
Her brest like to a bowle of creame vncrudded,
Her paps lyke lyllies budded,
Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre,
And all her body like a pallace fayre,
Ascending vppe with many a stately stayre,
To honors seat and chastities sweet bowre.
Why stand ye still ye virgins in amaze,
Vpon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer and your eccho ring

But

BVt if ye ſaw that which no eyes can ſee,
The inward beauty of her liuely ſpright,
Garniſht with heauenly guifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that ſight,
And ſtand aſtoniſht lyke to thoſe which red
Meduſaes mazeful hed.
There dwels ſweet loue and conſtant chaſtity,
Vnſpotted fayth and comely womanhood,
Regard of honour and mild modeſty,
There vertue raynes as Queene in royal throne,
And giueth lawes alone.
The which the baſe affections doe obay,
And yeeld theyr ſeruices vnto her will,
Ne thought of thing vncomely euer may
There to approch to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once ſeene theſe her celeſtial threaſures,
And vnreuealed pleaſures,
Then would ye wonder and her prayſes ſing,
That al the woods ſhould anſwer and your echo ring.

OPen the temple gates vnto my loue,
Open them wide that ſhe may enter in,
And all the poſtes adorne as doth behoue,
And all the pillours deck with girlands trim,
For to receyue this Saynt with honour dew,
That commeth in to you,
With trembling ſteps and humble reuerence,
She commeth in, before th'almighties vew,
Of her ye virgins learne obedience,
When ſo ye com e into thoſe holy places,
To humble your proud faces
Bring her vp to th'high altar that ſhe may,
The ſacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endleſſe matrimony make,
And let the roring Organs loudly play;
The praiſes of the Lord in liuely notes,
The whiles wi th hollow throates.
The Choriſters the ioyous Antheme ſing,
That al the woods may anſwere and their eccho ring

Behould

Behold whiles she before the altar stands
Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush vp in her cheekes,
And the pure snow with goodly vermill stayne,
Like crimsin dyde in grayne,
That euen th'Angels which continually,
About the sacred Altare doe remaine,
Forget their seruice and about her fly,
Ofte peeping in her face that seemes more fayre,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes still fastened on the ground,
Are gouerned with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one looke to glaunce awry,
Which may let in a little thought vnsownd,
Why blush ye loue to giue to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band,
Sing ye sweet Angels Alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answere and your eccho ring

NOw al is done; bring home the bride againe,
bring home the triumph of our victory,
Bring home with you the glory of her gaine,
With ioyance bring her and with iollity.
Neuer had man more ioyfull day then this,
Whom heauen would heape with blis.
Make feaſt therefore now all this liue long day,
This day for euer to me holy is,
Poure out the wine without reſtraint or ſtay,
Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,
Poure out to all that wull,
And ſprinkle all the poſtes and wals with wine,
That they may ſweat, and drunken be withall.
Crowne ye God Bacchus with a coronall,
And Hymen alſo crowne with wreathes of vine,
And let the Graces daunce vnto the reſt;
For they can doo it beſt:
The whiles the maydens doe theyr carroll ſing,
To which the woods ſhal anſwer & theyr eccho ring.

Ring

RIng ye the bels, ye yong men of the towne,
And leaue your wonted labors for this day:
This day is holy; doe ye write it downe,
that ye for euer it remember may.
This day the sunne is in his chiefest hight,
With Barnaby the bright,
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he sees.
But for this time it ill ordained was,
To chose the longest day in all the yeare,
And shortest night, when longest fitter weare:
Yet neuer day so long, but late would passe.
Ring ye the bels, to make it weare away,
And bonefiers make all day,
And daunce about them, and about them sing:
that all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

AH when will this long vveary day haue end,
and lende me leaue to come vnto my loue?
Hovv ſlovvly do the houres theyr numbers ſpend?
How ſlowly does ſad Time his feathers moue?
Haſt thee O fayreſt Planet to thy home
Within the Weſterne fome:
Thy tyred ſteedes long ſince haue need of reſt.
Long though it be, at laſt I ſee it gloome,
And the bright euening ſtar with golden creaſt
Appeare out of the Eaſt.
Fayre childe of beauty, glorious lampe of loue
That all the hoſt of heauen in rankes dooſt lead,
And guydeſt louers through the nights dread,
How cheareſully thou lookeſt from aboue,
And ſeemſt to laugh atweene thy twinkling light
As ioying in the ſight
Of theſe glad many which for ioy doe ſing,
That all the woods them anſwer and their echo ring.

Now

Now ceaſſe ye damſels your delights forepaſt;
Enough is it, that all the day was youres:
Now day is doen, and night is nighing faſt:
Now bring the Bryde into the brydall boures.
Now night is come, now ſoone her diſaray,
And in her bed her lay;
Lay her in lillies and in violets,
And ſilken courteins ouer her diſplay,
And odourd ſheetes, and Arras couerlets,
Behold how goodly my faire loue does ly
In proud humility;
Like vnto Maia, when as Ioue her tooke,
In Tempe, lying on the flowry gras,
Twixt ſleepe and wake, after ſhe weary was,
With bathing in the Acidalian brooke
Now it is night, ye damſels may be gon,
And leaue my loue alone,
And leaue likewiſe your former lay to ſing:
The woods no more ſhal anſwere, nor your echo ring.

Now

NOw welcome night, thou night ſo long expected,
that long daies labour doeſt at laſt defray,
And all my cares, which cruell loue collected,
Haſt ſumd in one, and cancelled for aye:
Spread thy broad wing ouer my loue and me,
that no man may vs ſee,
And in thy ſable mantle vs enwrap,
From feare of perrill and foule horror free.
Let no falſe treaſon ſeeke vs to entrap,
Nor any dread diſquiet once annoy
the ſafety of our ioy:
But let the night be calme and quietſome,
Without tempeſtuous ſtorms or ſad afray:
Lyke as when Ioue with fayre Alcmena lay,
When he begot the great Tirynthian groome:
Or lyke as when he with thy ſelfe did lie,
And begot Maieſty.
And let the mayds and yongmen ceaſe to ſing:
Ne let the woods them anſwer, nor theyr eccho ring.

Let

LEt no lamenting cryes, nor dolefull teares,
Be heard all night within nor yet without:
Ne let falſe whiſpers breeding hidden feares,
Breake gentle ſleepe with miſconceiued dout.
Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadful ſights
Make ſudden ſad affrights;
Ne let houſefyres, nor lightnings helpeleſſe harmes,
Ne let the Ponke, nor other euill ſprights,
Ne let miſchiuous witches with theyr charmes,
Ne let hob Goblins, names whoſe ſence we ſee not,
Fray vs with things that be not.
Let not the ſhriech Oule, nor the Storke be heard:
Nor the night Rauen that ſtill deadly yels,
Nor damned ghoſts cald vp with mighty ſpels,
Nor grieſly vultures make vs once affeard:
Ne let th'unpleaſant Quyre of Frogs ſtill croking
Make vs to wiſh theyr choking.
Let none of theſe theyr drery accents ſing;
Ne let the woods them anſwer, nor theyr eccho ring.

But

BVt let ſtil Silence trew night watches keepe,
That ſacred peace may in aſſurance rayne,
And tymely ſleep, when it is tyme to ſleepe,
May ponre his limbs forth on your pleaſant playne,
The whiles an hundred little winged loues,
Like diuers fethered doues,
Shall fly and flutter round about your bed,
And in the ſecret darke, that none reproues,
Their prety ſtealthes ſhal worke, & ſnares ſhal ſpread
To filch away ſweet ſnatches of delight,
Conceald through couert night.
Ye ſonnes of Venus, play your ſports at will,
For greedy pleaſure, careleſſe of your toyes,
Thinks more vpon her paradiſe of ioyes,
Then what ye do, albe it good or ill.
All night therefore attend your merry play,
For it will ſoone be day:
Now none doth hinder you, that ſay or ſing,
Ne will the woods now anſwer, nor your Eccho ring.

Who

WHo is the ſame, which at my window peepes?
Or whoſe is that faire face, that ſhines ſo bright,
Is it not Cinthia, ſhe that neuer ſleepes,
But walkes about high heauen al the night?
O fayreſt goddeſſe, do thou not enuy
My loue with me to ſpy:
For thou likewiſe didſt loue, though now vnthought,
And for a fleece of woll, which priuily,
The Latmian ſhephard once vnto thee brought,
His pleaſures with thee wrought.
Therefore to vs be fauorable now;
And ſith of wemens labours thou haſt charge,
And generation goodly doſt enlarge,
Encline they will t'effect our wiſhfull vow,
And the chaſt wombe informe with timely ſeed,
That may our comfort breed:
Till which we ceaſe our hopefull hap to ſing,
Ne let the woods vs anſwere, nor our Eccho ring.

And

AND thou great Iuno, which with awful might
the lawes of wedlock ſtill doſt patronize,
And the religion of the faith firſt plight
With ſacred rites haſt taught to ſolemnize:
and eeke for comfort often called art
Of women in their ſmart,
Eternally bind thou this louely band,
And all thy bleſsings vnto vs impart.
And thou glad Genius, in whoſe gentle hand,
The bridale bowre and geniall bed remaine,
Without blemiſh or ſtaine,
And the ſweet pleaſures of theyr loues delight.
With ſecret ayde doeſt ſuccour and ſupply,
Till they bring forth the fruitfull progeny,
Send vs the timely fruit of this ſame night.
And thou fayre Hebe, and thou Hymen free,
Grant that it may ſo be.
Til which we ceaſe your further prayſe to ſing,
Ne any woods ſhal anſwer, nor your Eccho ring.

And

ANd ye high heauens, the temple of the gods,
In which a thouſand torches flaming bright
Doe burne, that to vs wretched earthly clods:
In dreadful darkneſſe lend deſired light;
And all ye powers which in the ſame remayne,
More then we men can fayne,
Poure out your bleſsing on vs plentiouſly,
And happy influence vpon vs raine,
That we may raiſe a large poſterity,
Which from the earth, which they may long poſſeſſe,
With laſting happineſſe,
Vp to your haughty pallaces may mount,
And for the guerdon of theyr glorious merit
May heauenly tabernacles there inherit,
Of bleſſed Saints for to increaſe the count.
So let vs reſt, ſweet loue, in hope of this,
And ceaſe till then our tymely ioyes to ſing,
The woods no more vs anſwer, nor our eccho ring.

Song

SOng made in lieu of many ornaments,
With which my loue ſhould duly haue bene dect,
Which cutting off through haſty accidents,
Ye would not ſtay your dew time to expect,
But promiſt both to recompens,
Be vnto her a goodly ornament,
And for ſhort time an endleſſe moniment.

FINIS

Imprinted by P. S. for Wil-
liam Ponſonby.